

MARVEL®
20th July 91

THE REAL

No. 162 55p

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GH**OST**BUSTERS™



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GHSTBUSTERS™





Peter's job rarely requires under-cover work, but this week he seems to have gotten out of the wrong side of bed and he really hopes the bedbugs won't bite in this terrifying tale entitled **Dread Mobs And Broomsticks!**

Speaking of hairy horrors, not that Dr Venkman is at all hairy, there is a large footed monster on the loose wreaking havoc in photo-booths and hairdressers' alike in a furry fable called **Big Foot Loose!**

Speaking of night-time frights as well, the Boogieman is missing from the Containment Unit and is thriving on as much terror and fear as he can absorb in the second spooky instalment of **Closet Case!** Until next week, stay spooky!

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Big Foot Loose!

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Dread Mobs And Broomsticks!

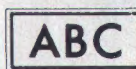
Ghostbusters' Fact File: **Closet Creep!**

Closet Case! – Part Two

Dead True!

Next Week Box / **Blimey! It's Slimer!**

Cover by BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS
Editor STUART BARTLETT Spirit Guide DAN ABNETT



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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ

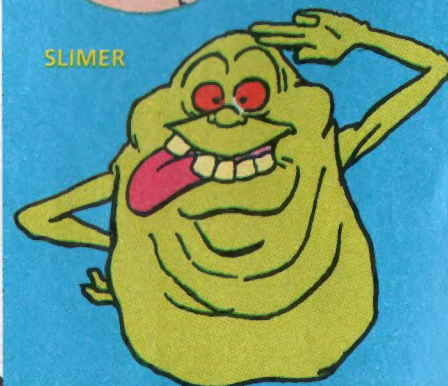


WINSTON
ZEDDMORE

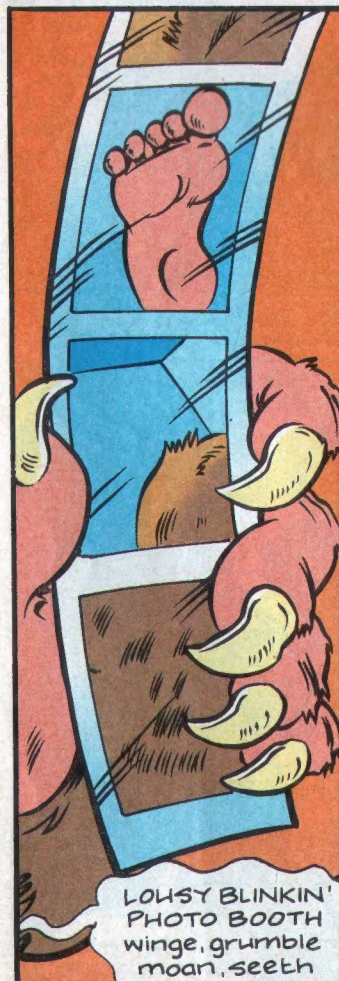
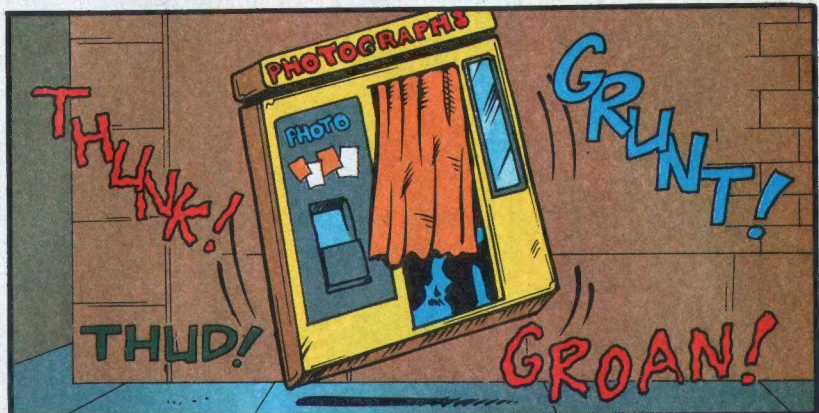
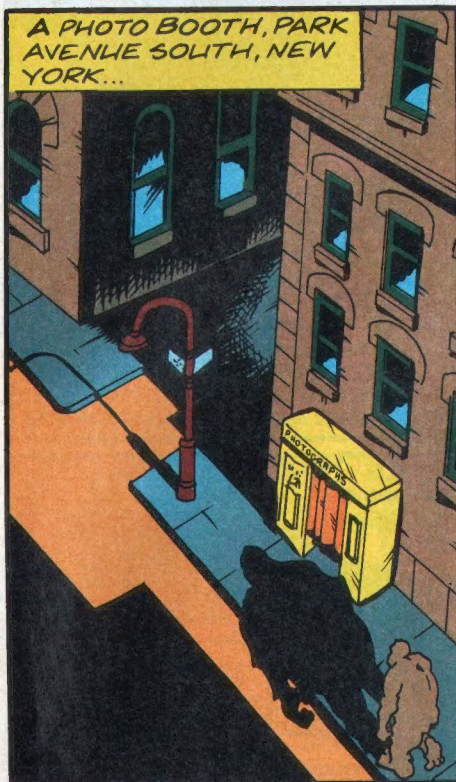


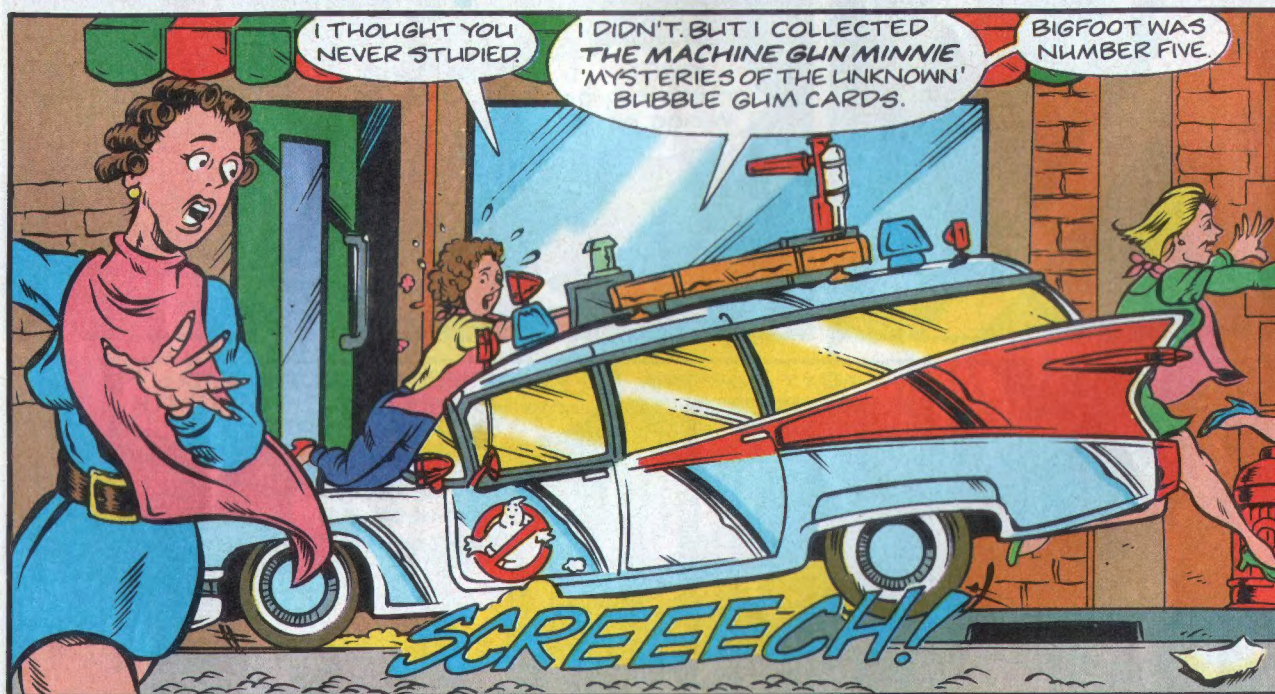
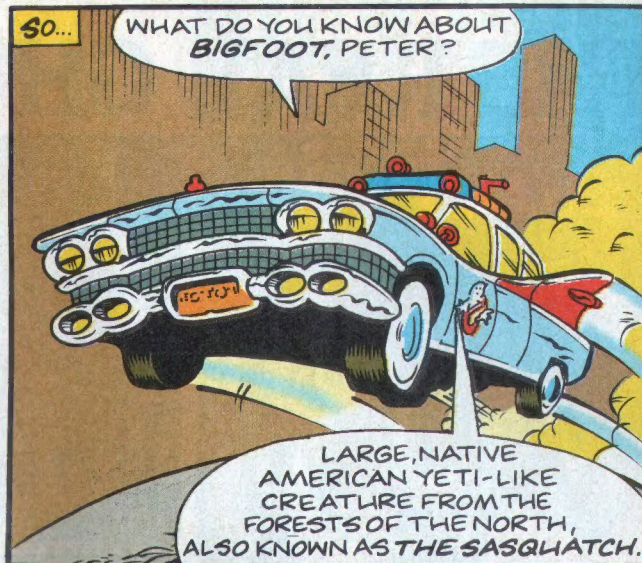
JANINE
MELNITZ

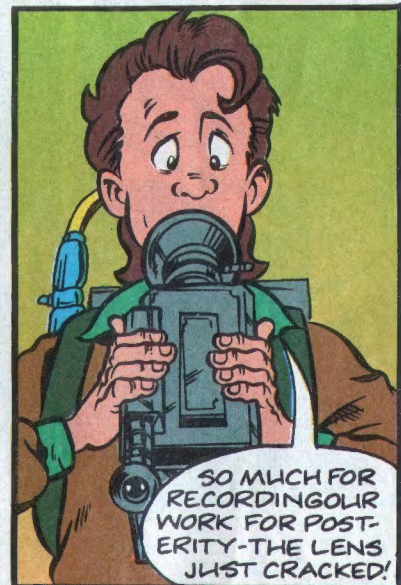
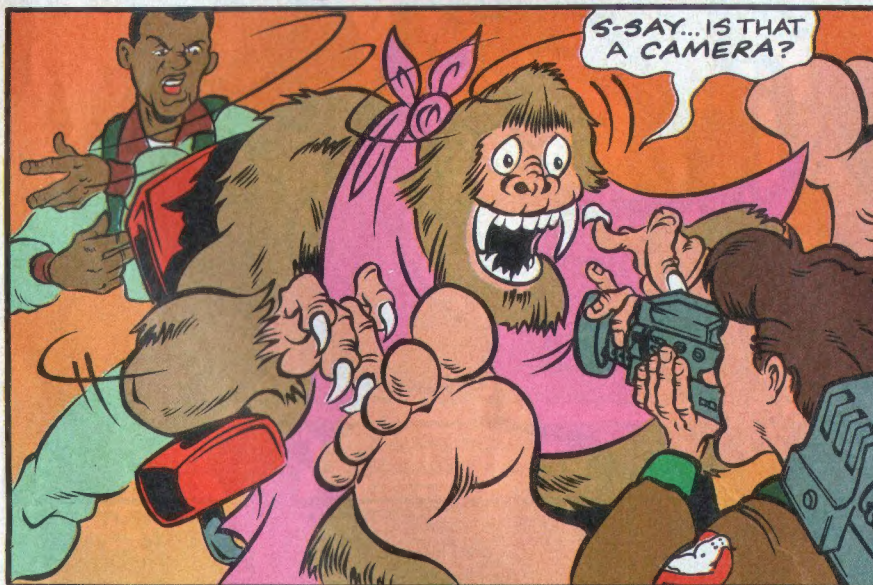
SLIMER

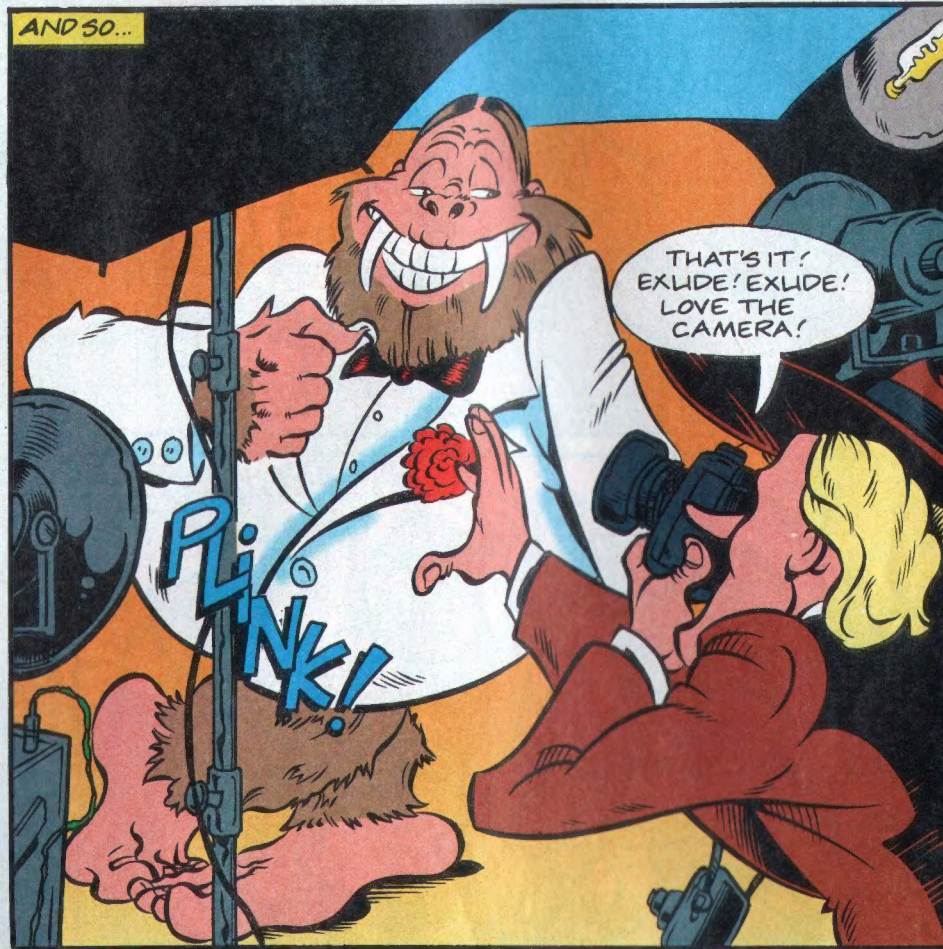
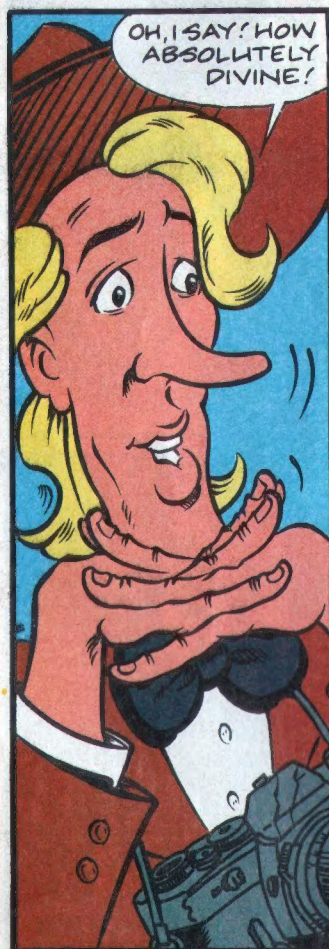
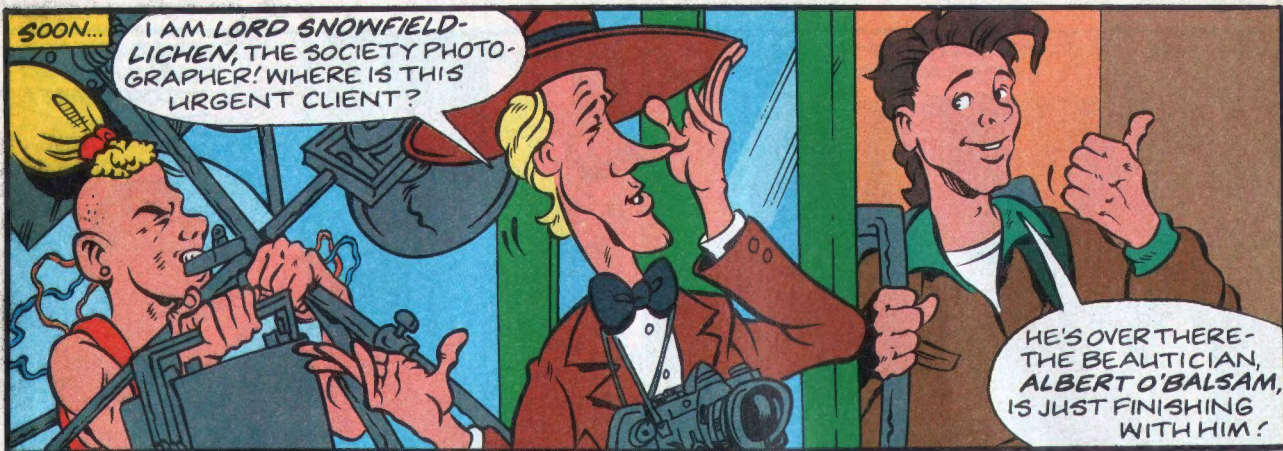


THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™









PEACE, MAN,
GIVE THE CAMERA
A CHANCE, FORGET
YOUR NEGATIVE
VIBES...

PLINK!

PLINK!

YES! YES!
YOUR'E MEAN, MOODY,
MAGNIFICENT! YOUR'E
THE LEADERS OF
THE PACK!

LATER...

THAT WAS
WONDERFUL! I
CAN'T THANK
YOU ENOUGH.

WELL, THERE'S
ANOTHER JOB
WELL DONE.

I'VE NEVER HAD
A MORE VIBRANT
MODEL! HE'LL GO FAR!

YEAH! IT'S
GREAT THAT *VOGUE*
IS GOING TO COVER
FEATURE YOU.

HLUH?

I MUST
JUST MAKE
A PHONE CALL.

I THINK
BIGFOOT PHONED
HIS FRIENDS.

I HOPE YOU
BROUGHT SOME
EXTRA FILM...

ACK.

OCH, AYE,
ARE YE THE
PHOTO LADDIE?

...and once I've got a
decent portfolio, I'm going
to audition for Annie...

can I
borrow your
mascara?



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POSTER INSIDE!

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SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

The legend of the Sasquatch or 'Bigfoot' is one of the most famous and intriguing of the North American continent. Individuals have spent years of their lives searching for this mythical giant, possibly a relative of the Himalayan Yeti, in the backwoods of the USA. But the Bigfoot is not the only folklore monster rumoured to live in such parts. Here's an overview of some others:



Squonk

A sad-faced and pitiful creature that sits in the forest and cries to itself. Legend says that hunters, attracted by the sound of sobbing, trap the creature and take it home in a sack. But when they get home, all that's left in the sack is a pool of tears. Eve Roscoe of the United Survey of Legends, says in her opinion the squonk cries all the time about its stupid name, and wishes it had been called 'Bigdangerous-thing' or somesuch. Alec Profit of *Myth Magazine* suggested that the legend had grown up around the exploits of short-sighted hunters breaking into the woodland homes of recluse ice-sculpters. Nice one, Alec.

Saswatch or 'Bigface'

Closely related to its cousin,

PART 162

the Bigfoot, the Saswatch comes in a variety of interchangeable fashion styles and colours.

Squink or 'Bigdeal'

Believed to be a smaller, more high-pitched Squonk, particularly famous for creeping up outside peoples' windows late at night and sliding their fingers down the glass.

Squeegee

This strange bat-like predator feeds mostly on the unsuspecting Squink, causing sharper and louder squeaking noises on the window at night which break off suddenly. The Squeegee is remarkable

amongst flying animals and birds as it is the only such creature that takes bird droppings off a window.

Sasquosh or 'Bigthirst'

Another creature related to the Sasquatch and the Saswatch, except this one comes in orange and orange-and-lemon flavours and may be found by large bodies of fresh water, or hanging around by the Umpire's ladders at tennis matches.

Squnk or 'Bigsmell'

Superficially Squonk-like, this small monster smells worse than Bindstool of the Impregnable Stink-Cloud on a bad day. As Tobin wrote '... and mayhap did Bindstool suffer many an oft a bad day, and lo, the smell permeated all the nine hundred and ninety nine levels of Pandemonium and you could catch a whiff of it in Birmingham...' so you get a kind of idea how awful this fellow smells.

Sasqueltch or 'Bigmistake'

Resembling closely its cousin the Sasquatch, the Sasqueltch is shunned by other creatures of the American forest on account of the fact that it once trod on a Squnk.

DREAD MOBS & BROOMSTICKS!



Story JOHN FREEMAN Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS

**When Peter ignores a request to clean up his part of the bedroom,
he makes a big mistake...**

"Peter Venkman, Real Ghostbuster, master of the paranormal, chat show host – reduced to cleaning his room!" groaned Peter, throwing yet another chocolate wrapper into a large rubbish bag. There were still several more to go, along with at least twelve chocolate milk bottles, countless fast food boxes and over three months worth of baseball newspapers. "Can't I do this after a nap? That last bust wore me out," he added, yawning loudly.

Winston and Ray turned to their friend at the same time and grinned. "Every bust wears you out, Peter," said Winston. "Especially the early morning ones."

"It's not even as if my part of the bedroom is untidy," said Peter, pushing an empty coke bottle back under the bed.

"You know – you're right, Peter?" Ray smiled. "I'm sure those crisp packets that were blown all over my bed yesterday were a figment of my imagination."

"Either that or they were dropped there by some other careless slob," Winston agreed, looking at Peter, who shuffled from foot to foot at this, looking guilty.

"Yeah, right," said Peter sternly, carefully dropping a crisp packet into the rubbish bag behind his back, and out of sight of the other Ghostbusters. "All this stuff – it just adds a homely touch to my bed."

"Hmm," Egon Spengler cut in from the door of the bedroom. "So your apartment is even more of a mess than this? I can see it now – socks that have become living things, driven by the power of their own smell. Dirty shirts that cry to be washed every time you open the front door. As for the milk bottles that are probably breeding America's next germ warfare experiment..."

"Okay, I'll clear up, I get the picture," said Peter.

"See that you do!" snapped Janine, joining the Ghostbusters in telling Peter off. "I shouldn't have to tell you to clean up after you. Why, there could be anything under that bed! Egon – bust request on Fifth

Avenue. A large cat has turned over twenty-three cars and one mid-town bus. Seems the police first suspected it was a ghost when they noticed it was over twenty feet tall and walked through the Empire State Building."

"Hey, I'm in," said Peter, dropping the rubbish bag. "Cats remind me of Slimer – eating you out of house and home, always wanting some attention when you're busy with something else – pass me the Proton Pack, Ray."

"I think the rest of us will handle this one, Peter," Egon muttered sternly. "You stay here and tidy up the rest of the bedroom."

"What? Peter Venkman, master trapper, Proton Pack professional – reduced to the role of a mere domestic? Why, I –"

"That's it, Peter!" shouted Janine. "If this room isn't spotless by the time the others get back from this bust, I'm out of here. There's only so many times I call in a clean up squad to deal with *your* mess!"

"B-b-b-but..."

"You'd better do as she says," Ray cut in, picking up his own Proton Pack, "I think that was Janine's equivalent of a death threat." With that he hurried off, followed by the other Ghostbusters. Janine gave Peter a hard stare and then turned on one foot and stormed away, back to her desk.

"Well, how do you like that," sighed Peter, sitting down on his bed. Another crisp packet dropped out of the sheets as he did so. "After all the hard work I put in busting that pizza poltergeist last night, too. Don't they realise how tired I am?"

"Hey, we understand," said a voice from under the bed, reaching for the crisp packet. "You've had a long day, the ghosts were a pain, your life seems just one long drawn-out bust after another. Take the weight off your feet, pal, have a nap. We'll look after you." There was a sudden slurping sound and the crunch of finely ground teeth.

"Who said that?" said Peter, looking over the side of the bed. All he could see at first were his spare boots, but then a pair of

green eyes stared back at him and with a start, Peter swung himself back onto the bed, reaching for his Proton Pack at the end of it.

"Hmm, pretty," said another voice, grabbing the Proton Pack before he could get to it. "Shiny metal, gleaming. Except for this chocolate stain, of course. You ought to be more careful, Venkman."

"Hmm, did we forget to clean our boots of ectoplasm last week?" giggled another voice from under the bed, which started to move as if it was floating on water. "Could there have been some frightening combination of rubbish and residual PK energies to form – Things That Go Bump in The Night?"

"Hey, you sound just like that Spengler bloke," said yet another voice.

"Why, thank you," said the Spengler voice, "I've been watching him you know. Watching and waiting for that right moment, that right moment to –"

"Come out of there!" snapped Peter, "I want to see your faces!"

"Well, we certainly don't want to see yours," snapped one of the weird voices. A tentacle slapped its way onto Peter's bed, groped for another empty coke bottle, then withdrew. "I'm sure you're the ugliest person we ever set eyes on."

"Big buck teeth, funny eyes, five sets of claws and a weird bobbly bit that has anthropologists tearing their hair out," squeaked another unseen creature.

"Nothing like us at all," added another.

"No, we definitely don't want to see you." Peter rubbed his eyes. "I'm dreaming this," he muttered, "this is a nightmare."

"How can it be a nightmare?" a weird looking crisp packet with two eye stalks popped its 'head' over the side of the bed and glared at him. "This is four o'clock in the afternoon! Yep – he's ugly alright boys. In fact, I'd say he was even human!"

"I *am* human," snapped Peter.

"What?" said one of the voices. Then a heaving mass of green ectoplasm sloshed its way out from under the bed and moulded itself into something looking like a miniature version of the Beast from 30,000 Fathoms. "And we thought you

were some sort of monster, too," it said. "After being so kind to us, leaving us all that left-over food and all. Well, looks like the party's over guys. Time to go, before he realises we're real!"

At that, a huge broomstick shot through the door of the bedroom and started to sweep the monsters into the rubbish bag.

"A day time day dream's work is never done," it began to sing, poking under Peter's bed. As a few more coke bottles rolled out from underneath, Peter was sure he saw a small army of mini-demons, griffins and furry things with big eyes rush into the rubbish bag. "Into the vortex lads!" shouted one. "There's a really untidy place on 33rd Street I know – we'll be safe there!"

Just then, Janine poked her head round the door. The broomstick dropped to the floor with a thud. "Did you call me?" said the receptionist, looking at Peter. He pinched himself, then smiled. "No, I was too busy," he whispered.

"Could have sworn I heard voices," Janine replied. "Hey – this place looks *much* tidier! How did you do it so quickly?" "You wouldn't believe me if I told you," said Peter. "But I hope you will believe that I never want to see this bedroom the same way again."



CLOSET CREEP

Every family has a skeleton in the closet somewhere along the line, but usually they stay pretty well hidden. This, however, was not the case for little John's family. There was a whole host of demons lurking in his toy cupboard and they wanted to make their presence felt, particularly at night-time when nobody else was about. Luckily, John made no bones about it and got straight in touch with The Real Ghostbusters. They discovered that John's toy

cupboard was home to far more than just teddies and games, and was, in fact, an inter-dimensional portal which lead to the dead zone. Fortunately, this was all just another day's work to the Ghostbusters and they managed to reverse polarity and dispel the demons along with most of Johnny's bedroom.

CREEEAK!



JOIN THE BAND!

CARTOON TIME

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...WITH YOUR
FAVOURITE
CARTOON
CHARACTERS!

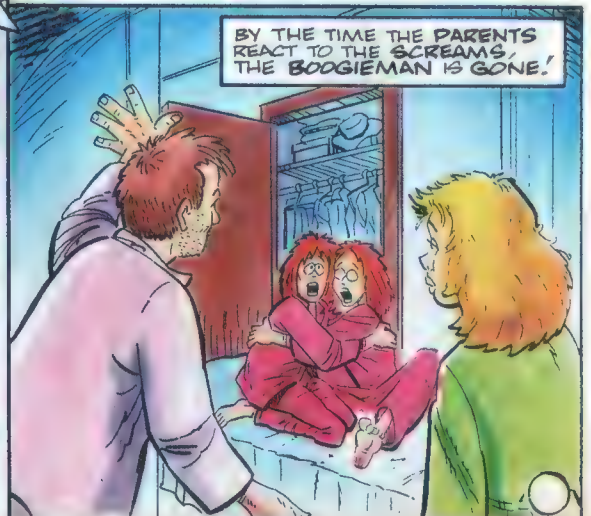
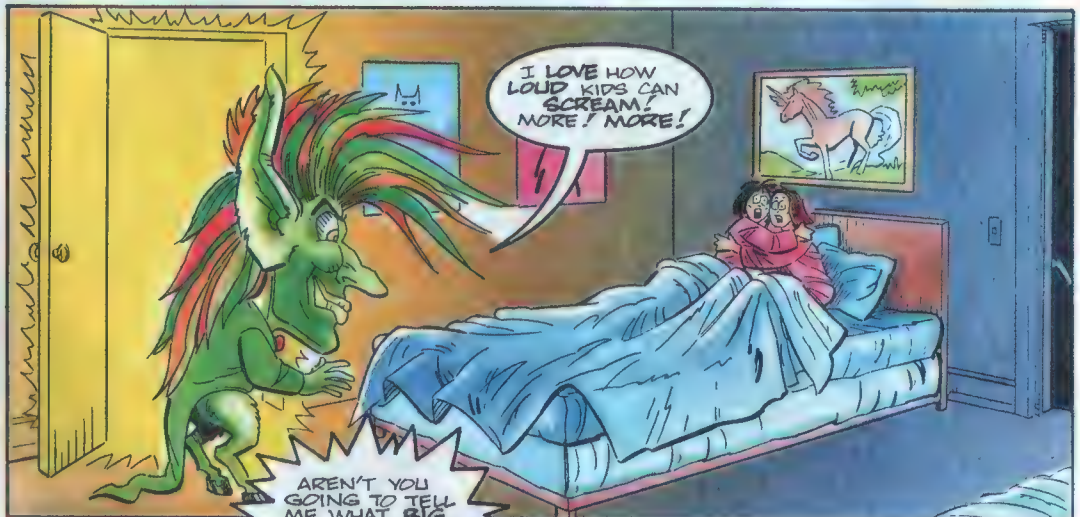
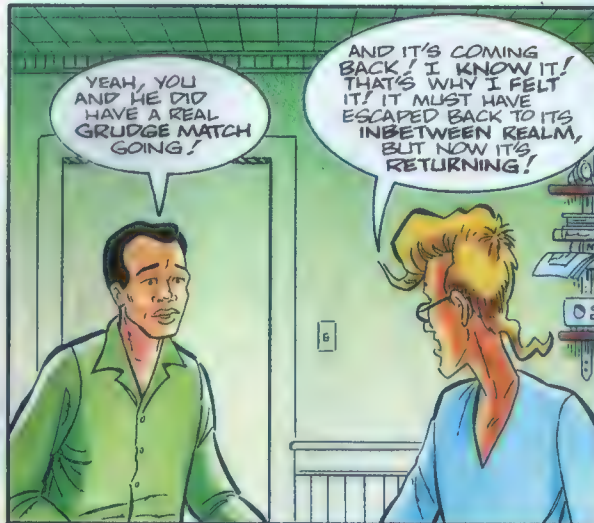


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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

Part Two: Egon Spengler's oldest enemy has escaped from the Ecto Containment Unit, and is growing stronger from peoples' fear...



THE NEXT MORNING, THE GHOSTBUSTERS ARE SUMMONED TO TOMMY NEWKIRK'S HOME...



BECAUSE OF YOU, OUR HOME HAS BEEN INVADED AND OUR CHILD TERRORIZED!

THAT'S NOT FAIR!



NO, WINSTON, SHE'S RIGHT! IT'S AFTER US. AFTER ME! THEY'RE JUST INNOCENTS WHO WERE IN ITS PATH!



THEN YOU KNOW WHAT DID THIS?!



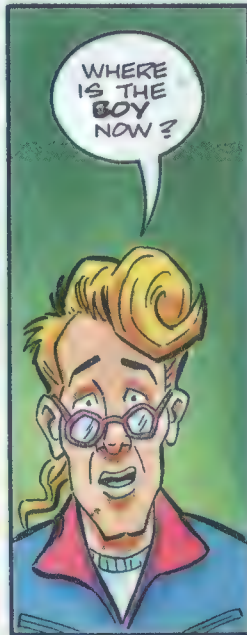
I'M AFRAID SO, AND FEAR IS WHAT IT FEEDS ON. IF ONLY WE KNEW WHY IT HAS WAITED THIS LONG TO STRIKE BACK!

IF WE DID, WE MIGHT KNOW HOW TO STOP IT!



CIVILIANS FINDING YOUR NAME SCRAWLED ON THEIR WALL IS NOT EXACTLY A TESTIMONY TO YOUR EFFECTIVENESS!

IT MAKES IT LOOK LIKE YOUR ENEMIES WANT TO HURT OTHERS TO GET BACK AT YOU!



WHERE IS THE BOY NOW?



HE'S IN THE HOSPITAL! HE'S TERRIFIED AND WON'T COME HOME! LOOK AT THIS PLACE! WHAT COULD'VE DONE THIS?!

A NIGHTMARE! A MONSTROSITY! BUT I SWEAR IT WILL NEVER HARM ANOTHER CHILD, NO MATTER WHAT I HAVE TO DO TO STOP IT!

A SHORT TIME LATER, EVERYONE HAS REGROUPED AT THE HOSPITAL. THEIR GOAL: TO FREE A YOUNG BOY OF HIS BURDEN OF FEAR.

I'M SORRY ABOUT WHAT I SAID BEFORE, BUT NONE OF THIS MAKES ANY SENSE!

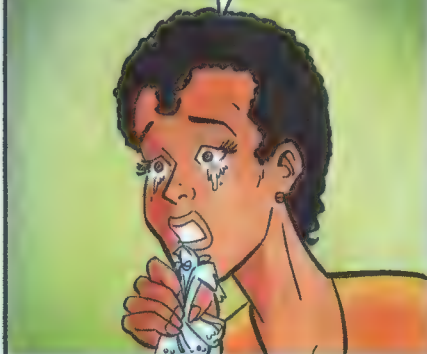
TO US IT DOES! THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE!



WE CAN HELP. WE'VE FACED THIS BEFORE!



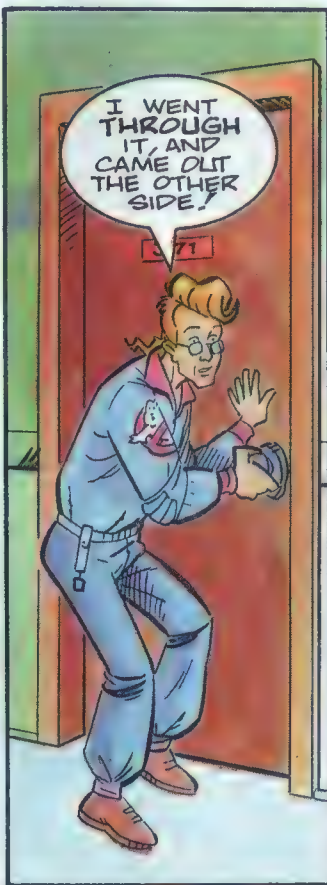
BUT TOMMY HASN'T. HOW CAN A CHILD DEAL WITH SOMETHING LIKE THIS?!



I FACED IT FOR THE FIRST TIME WHEN I WAS TOMMY'S AGE. I KNOW WHAT HE'S GOING THROUGH!

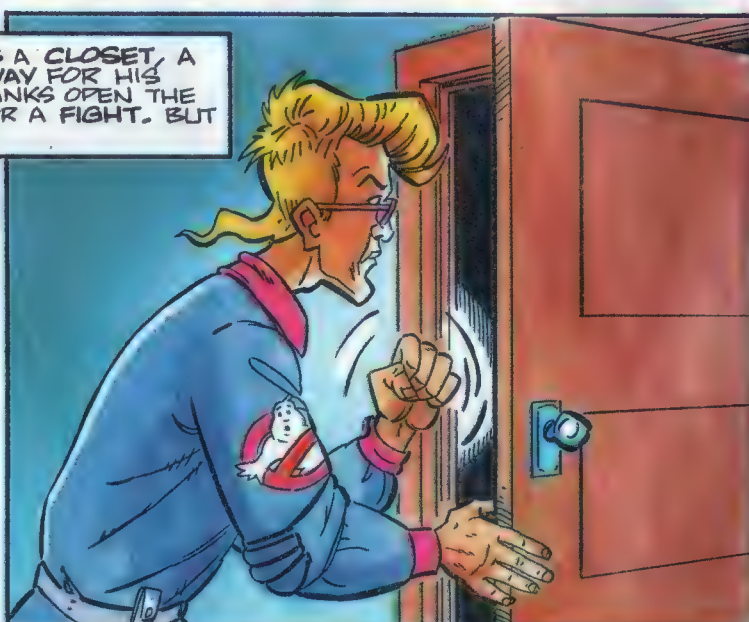
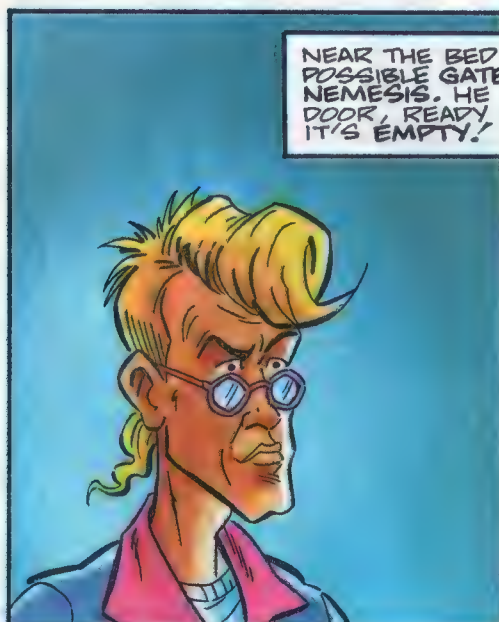
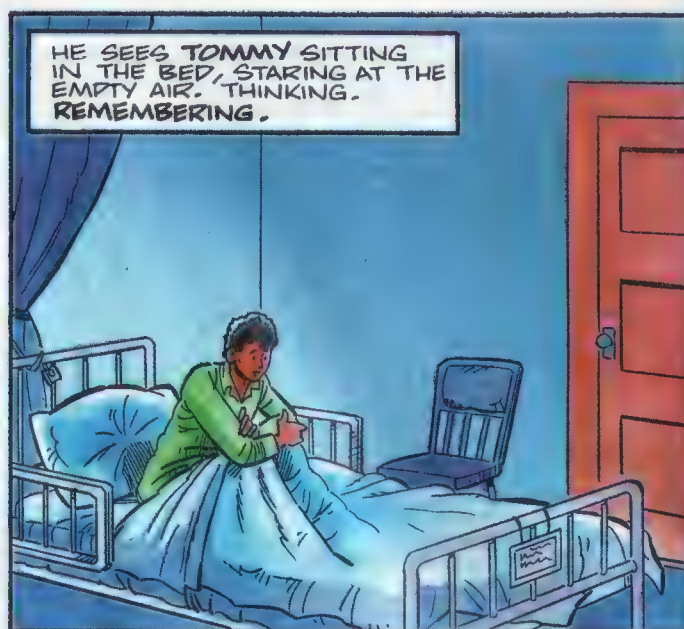
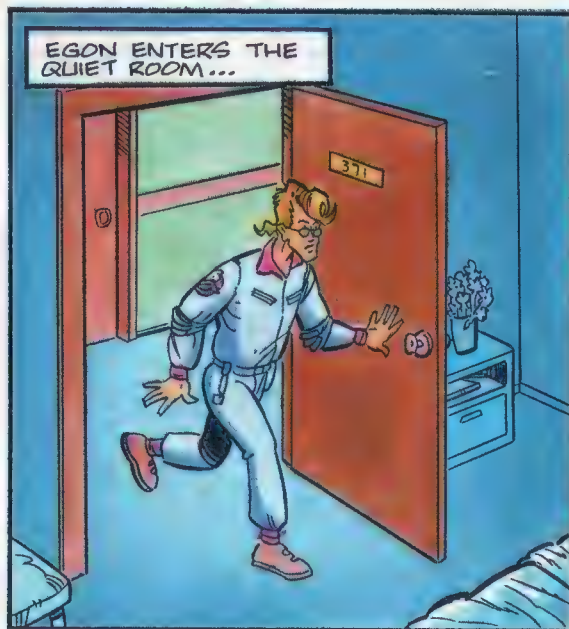


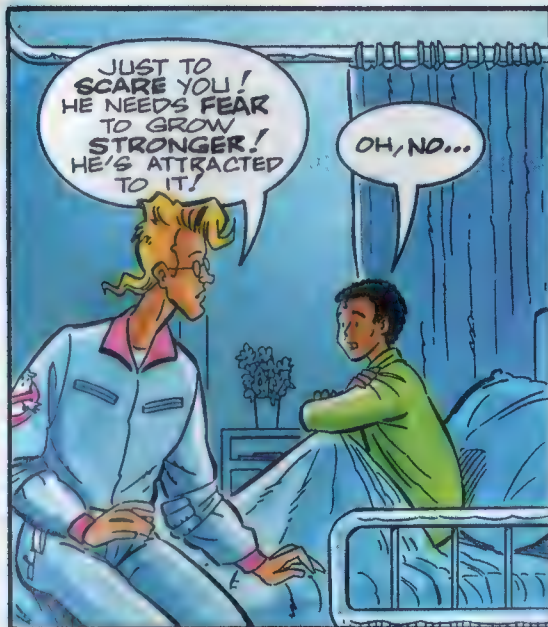
I WENT THROUGH IT, AND CAME OUT THE OTHER SIDE!

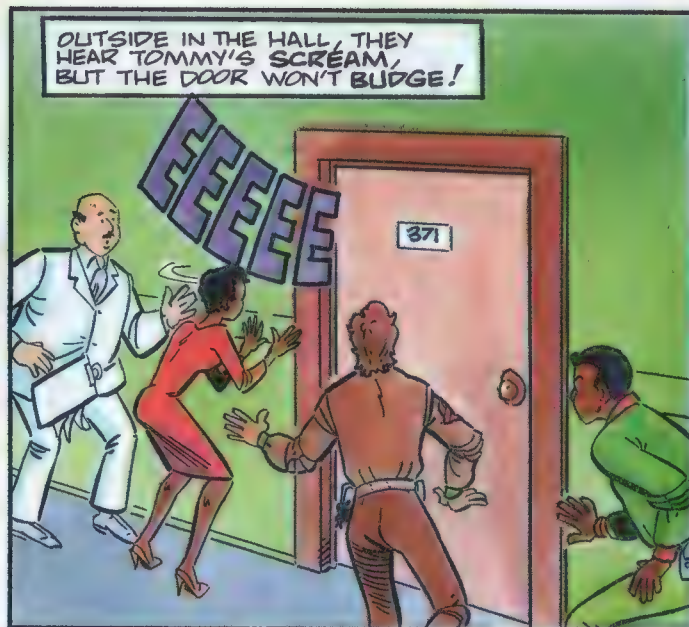


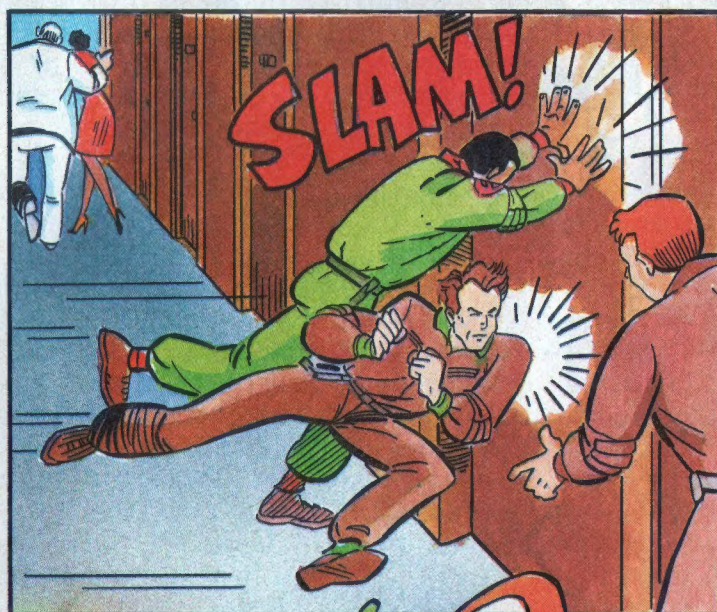
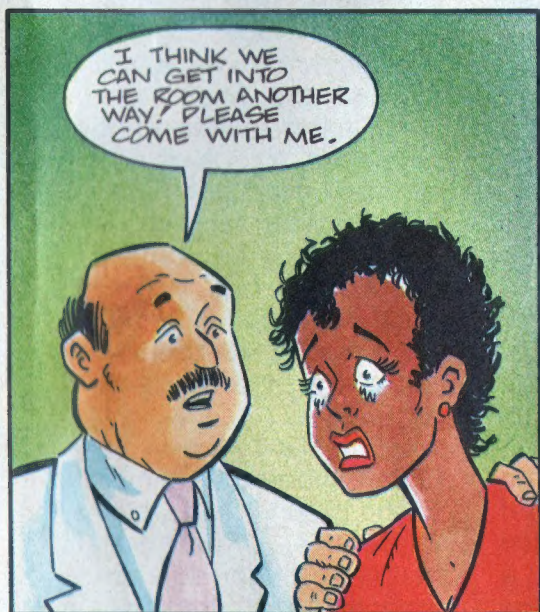
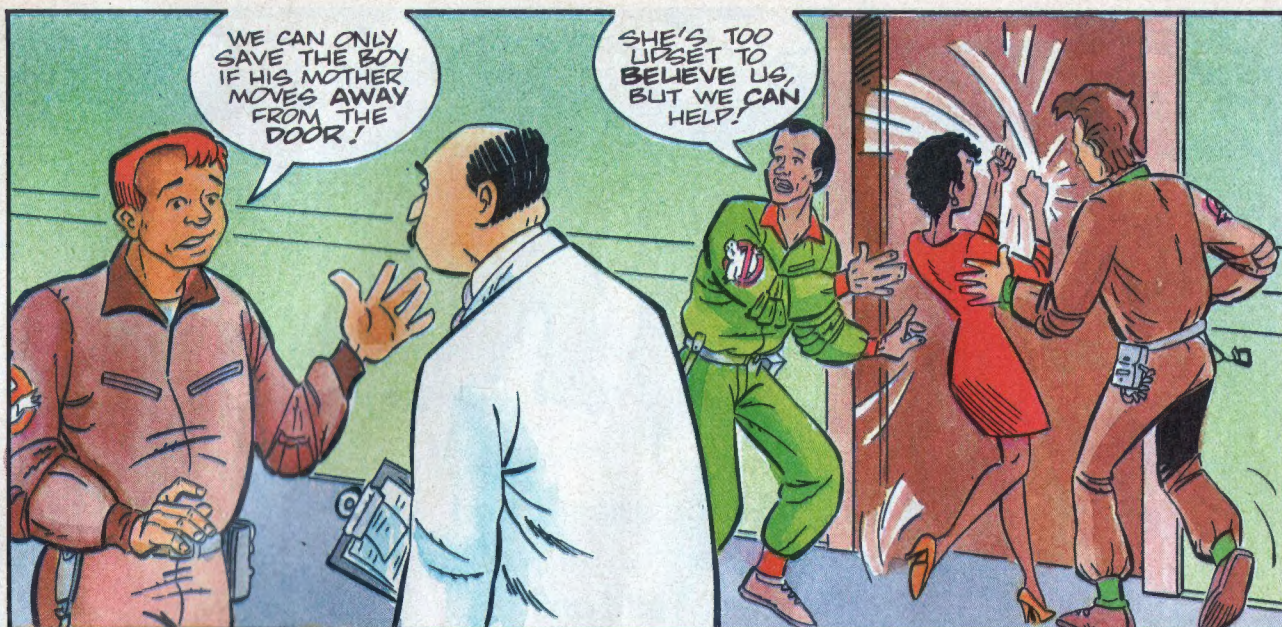
I'D LIKE TO TALK TO TOMMY ALONE FIRST!












More Ghostbusting action next week!



DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!

Dare you read on?



ne wouldn't really expect a boxing ring to be teeming with spooks, and yet the following tale of terror took place in just such a setting in America.

Frankie Gardinieri had only a few weeks to go before his scheduled fight with champion Matt O'Rourke. One evening, he took a stroll along a cliff top path overlooking the Pacific Ocean. He was worried about the fight. It was his only chance to win the title.

Imagine Gardinieri's shock when suddenly, walking towards him, was O'Rourke! "Wasn't expecting to see you for at least three weeks!" said O'Rourke cheerfully, and with that the two opponents started chatting. Then, without warning, Gardinieri suddenly punched the champ violently on the jaw. Stunned and

dazed, the man staggered backwards. Gardinieri took the opportunity to kick O'Rourke in the stomach - and the champ went hurtling over the edge of the cliff!

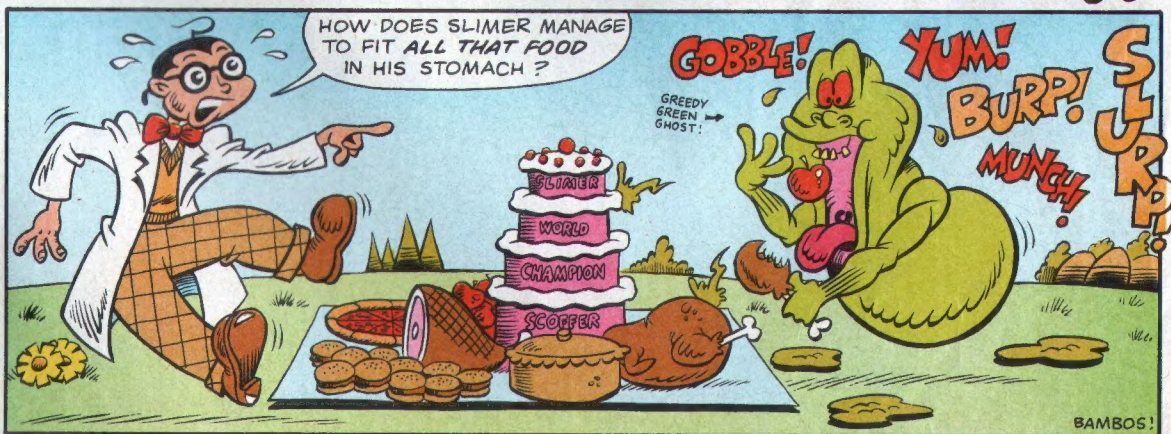
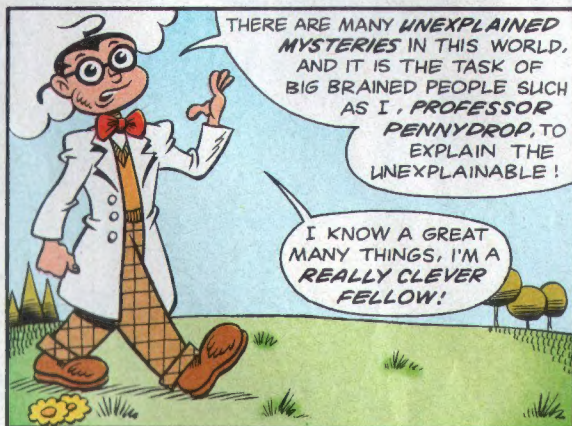
Convinced that he had committed the perfect murder, Gardinieri headed back to his hotel. When the body was discovered a few days later, the coroner recorded a verdict of accidental death. A new opponent had to be found for the fight, and Gardinieri was pleased when Johnny Devito, a boxer with far less experience, was selected.

The fight drew a huge crowd, and Gardinieri was quite clearly the winner from as early on as the first round. By the sixth round it was clear that the referee would have to stop the fight unless there was a knockout, because Devito was taking such a beating. But

Gardinieri was determined to knock out his opponent. He was about to land the final blow, when an incredible thing happened. A look of horror came over Gardinieri's face and he recoiled as though hit by an iron fist. He doubled over, fell to the ground, and as he was still out after the count of ten, Devito was declared the winner.

But Devito knew he hadn't knocked Gardinieri to the ground, and so did the referee, for they both had seen the spookily disembodied fist that had thumped Gardinieri and then disappeared from sight. Gardinieri had seen it too, and when he recovered enough to speak, he was still in a state of shock. He admitted to having killed O'Rourke, and within a few days he died of injuries caused by the ghost of the man he had murdered!





STAMPING OUT CRIME

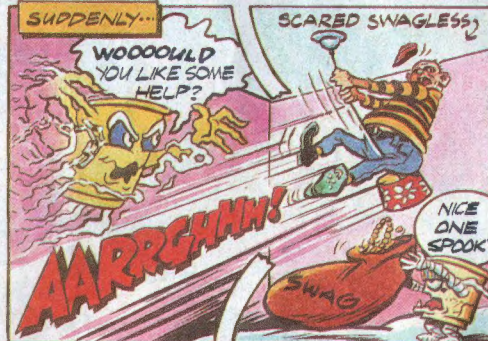
IT'S THE **St Ivel** **FIENDISH FEET**



SPOOKY WOOLY



DOOYAFINKISAURUS



MESMA EYES



PHAROAH NUFF



FRANK'N STEIN



TONGUE TWISTER



MOANING MUMMY



CHEESEY WHEESEY -CHEESE SPREAD-

MONSTER MOUSSE

DAIRY DESSERT

LOW FAT YOGURT

TREMBLERS